Northern Messenger

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The Wonderful Talmage Romance.

TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE CONVERTED IN ANSWER TO ONE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

(By George T. B. Davis, in 'Ram's Horn.')

The story I am about to tell you is the most remarkable instance of answered prayer I ever knew of,' said Dr. T. De-Witt Talmage to me, as I sat in the handsome drawing-room of his Washington mansion.

'I have never before narrated the tale in full for publication, but since you seem greatly interested and say it will do some good, I will relate the incident which changed the whole course of our family history; which made us a family of ministers; I being the fourth brother to enter the sacred calling and the seventh among near relatives—and which led the famous Rev. Dr. Chambers, of New York, to declare: 'I have known a great many Christian people, but the Godliest woman I ever knew was T. DeWitt Talmage's mother.'

'The event occurred in the first half of the century, in New Jersey. My grandparents were living on a farm near Somerville. A great revival meeting, conducted by Rev. Dr. Findley, was in progress at Basking Ridge, ten miles distant. My grandmother and grandfather decided to go over and attend this religious awakening. They went, remained two days, and were so stirred with holy zeal, that they returned home filled with anxiety for the conversion of their sons and daughter.

'That same evening there was a party—a levee—at a neighboring farm house. The three sons and daughter were invited. At the supper table, the mother said to them:

'"When you are ready to go, I wish you would come into my room a moment."'

'Just before leaving, they went in wonderingly, and their mother said:

'"Now, you are going to this party. I hope you will have a good time. But, remember that I am praying for your salvation. I expect to continue in prayer until I hear you come in at the front door."'

'The children went to the party, but did not have one moment of enjoyment. They knew their mother was on her knees in her room, praying for their salvation.

'Next day, as the mother was passing through the hallway, she heard her daughter, Phoebe, in her room weeping. She found her under great religious anxiety concerning her soul's welfare. They prayed together. The light came like a flood * * * Phoebe became a very consecrated woman, known far and wide for piety. She remained single that she might be a benediction to all. Going from house to house, she became an angel of mercy. She ascended to heaven at last in a chariot of the prayers of all who had known her.

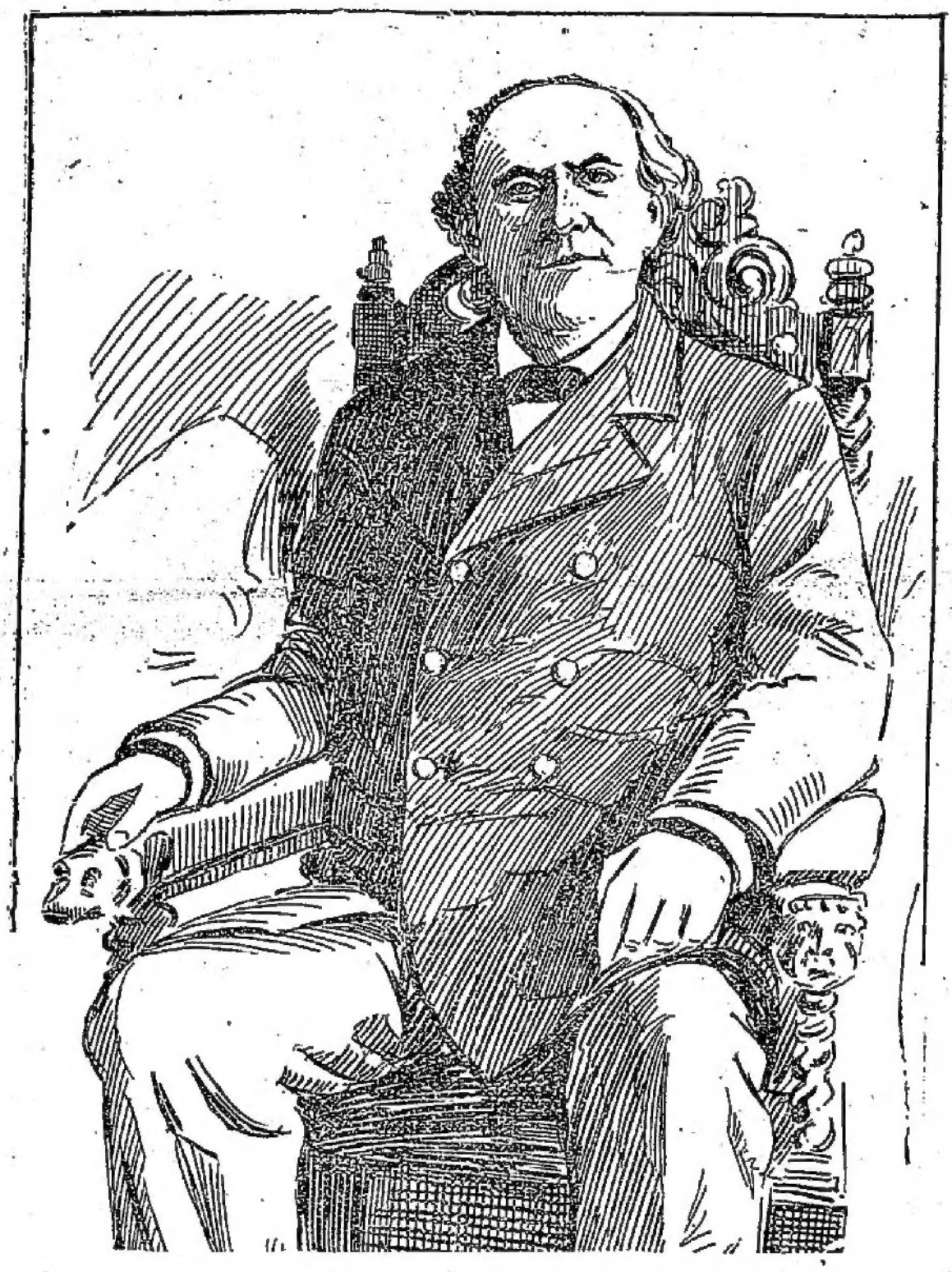
'Meanwhile, on that memorable day, Phoebe said to her father:

'"The boys are out by the barn in a dreadful state about their soul's salvation."'

'He went out and found David in great agony of mind * * * David afterward became my father. After a season of prayer, David found the peace that only comes from above, and said:

'"Father, you had better hunt up Samuel and Josiah."'

'Samuel was discovered near by. He also was undergoing a powerful religious awakening. He, too, found Christ * * * and afterward became the leading minister of the South, and the president of Oglethorpe University. His name stands as a synonym for pulpit eloquence, and for everything good and great. To this day, you cannot



THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.

mention his name in the South, without people taking off their hats in reverence.

'But, returning to that hour, Samuel, said:

'"Have you seen Josiah, father? He's somewhere around. You had better see him."'

'After hunting some time, he was found in the same state of mind as his brothers. In a few moments Christ took possession of his soul * * * he preached the gospel for forty years: as grand a soul as ever lived.

'As the hours of that wonderful day sped by like a dream, David's soul became so intensely wrought upon, that he could not keep his glorious secret to himself. He ran down the lane to the farm of our neighbor, Mr. Van Nest.

'Perhaps not by chance,' said Dr. Talmage with a smile,' 'he met Miss Katherine Van Nest on the road near her home. He poured into her sympathetic ears the entire story. She was of that high-strung emotional and noble nature that she instantly and immediately entered the Christian life.

'The story of those conversions so roused the whole neighborhood, that at the next communion service more than two hundred persons joined the church—among them my future father and mother.

'David and Katherine married. Children gathered around their hearth-stone. My mother, remembering the way the Lord had answered prayer in the previous generation, started to have the same blessing in her own household. Every Saturday afternoon, for years, she went over to the house of a neighbor. No one knew why she went. It was kept a secret till after her death. Then it was discovered that that meeting was a conspiracyof five mothers to pray for

their children. All the children of all the households were converted, and of the eleven children of my household, I was the last.'

Why He Stayed.

It was 6 o'clock, and the city offices were being rapidly deserted; but in a certain railway office one man remained,—he himself could scarcely have told why, for his work was done, yet the minutes sped away while he lingered over some unimportant detail of business.

Half an hour before, miles away, toward the outskirts of the same city, a deaconess had been hurrying around attending to a few of the 'last things' that would finish her afternoon's work. Suddenly she stopped. 'There! I haven't had the date changed on that ticket! Only five minutes to six! What can I do?'

She signalled a passing car and got on board. It was useless, she almost knew. The offices closed at six. How could she have been so thoughtless? But the Lord knew how much she had on her mind. She must commit the matter to him. So the car rumbled along, the deaconess prayed, and the man in the office waited.

'Oh, please, sir, are you the passenger agent? and can you change this ticket for me?'

The words came breathlessly, and he turned to survey with business-like disapproval the young woman whose pink cheeks, roughened hair, and small deaconess bonnet, ever so little askew, told of her hurried journey. Seeing the eager face he unbent a trifle, but answered: 'It's after business hours, miss.'

'Yes, I know; but I tried so hard to get here, and the business is very important. You see, the ticket is dated Saturday and the lady wants to go to-night.'

He took the ticket, on which was conspicuously stamped in red ink the word 'Charity.'

'Whom is it for? and why was it not used on the day for which it was issued?'

'It's for a helpless old lady that I'm sending to her own daughter in Cleveland. She was not well enough to start Saturday, but I promised to meet her at the depot to-night with the ticket. We've had such trouble to get it, and to make all the other arrangements; she'll be broken-hearted if she can't go.'

The magnate turned to his desk to make the change, but wishing to impress his caller with the greatness of the concession he remarked: 'You're lucky to find me in at this hour. The office is generally locked up long before this.'

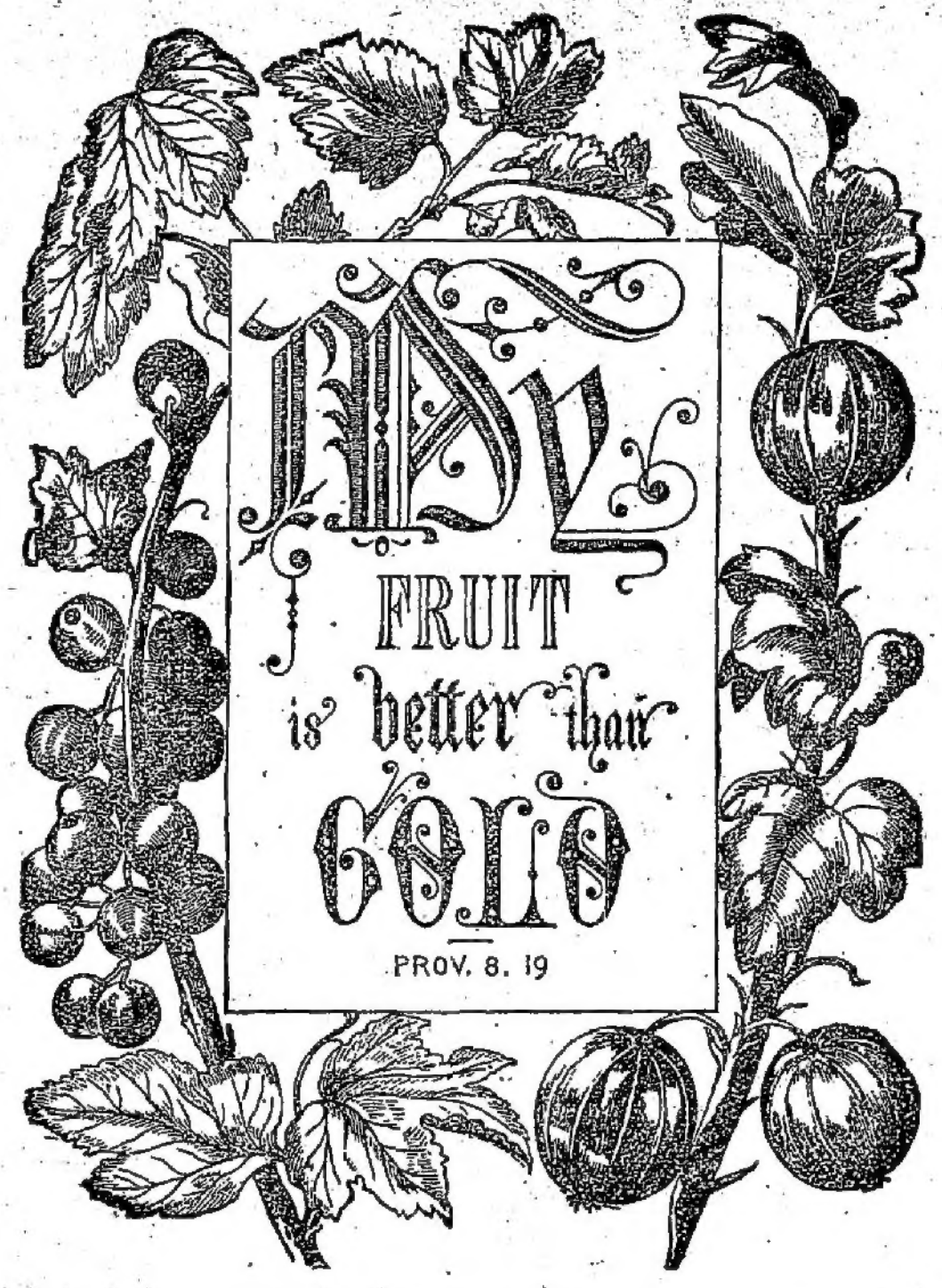
'Yes, but I prayed all the way down Sullivan Street that the Lord would keep you here till I came.'

This was an unexpected view of it to the man of business. He looked up curiously, but the blue eyes were quite matter of fact in their expression.

'You belong to some sisterhood, do you not?' he asked gently, noting the severe simplicity of her grab.

'To the Methodist Episcopal deaconesses. Here is my church card; if you choose to come I can promise you a cordial welcome and a good sermon.'

'Thank you. I am not much of a churchgoer, but I may drop in.' Then, as the last glimpse of the black dress vanished through the door: 'It was a little odd; I suppose that girl thinks it was her prayers that kept me here to-night. I wonder if there is anything in it, anyway!'



But the girl said that night in the home: 'I have been thanking the Lord in my heart all the evening for such a direct answer to prayer.'

'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' Isa. lxv. 24.—'The Message.'

Missionaries and the Famine

A missionary in Gujerat writes in a private letter as follows:

'My wife and I resolved that during the famine we would live upon the very smallest amount possible, denying ourselves all things that we could, and having only one dish instead of two at meals. We have made ourselves responsible for eight persons whom we are to care for and feed. It has been a time of sore financial trial to us, but we have more than millions of others have, although we do not deserve it. Last night I took in a wee little girl who was found starving in the bazaar. Her legs were mere sticks, but she has a sweet face, and I have named her Sumitri, which means "good friend." I shall try and bring her up at my own expense until she is old enough to remember our influence upon her.'

His wife writes: 'I am busy all day long, and do not get time to eat my food. Besides my house duties I have a woman's work in the villages. I go out there once in the week, leaving my baby at home. I stay with them four or five hours, and then get home. I find so many famine-stricken mothers and children that it is unbearable to see their distress. I spent all the money we had from our last pay to feed them, and have been many a time very hard up myself.'

Liberal School Children.

Hartford, April, 2, 1900.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—Enclosed find $1.70, given to the Indian Famine Fund, by the school children of Hartford. They have all contributed so liberally that I would like to have their names published in your paper. They are as follows: Josephene McKim, Katherine F. Ross, Eben W. Brown, Victor B. Brown, Bessie Harrison, Rosetta Sweet Crawford, Hannah Crawford, Jennie Mitchell, Delia Brown, Nellie Brown, Herbert Peers, Frank Leask, Carlson Nelson, Laura Brown, Richard Nelson, Mona Nelson, Ira Crawford, Ivan Crawford, Annie Colter, Sadie Nelson, Murray Crawford, Irving Crawford, Lannas Crawford, George Crawford, Ivan Charles Crawford, Walter Colter, Fred McKim, Frank McKim, Charles Vincent, Wilfrid Brown.

Alberta Patton, (Teacher),
Hartford, Cumb. County,
Nova Scotia.

Indian Famine Fund.

In the next number of the 'Messenger,' we shall continue the list of names of those who have been so generously sending in donations for this fund during the last few weeks.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXT IN DEUTERONOMY.

April 22, Sun.—Judge righteously.
April 23, Mon.—Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man.
April 24, Tues.—We came to Kadesh Barnea.
April 25, Wed.—Fear not, neither be discouraged.
April 26, Thurs.—It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us.
April 27, Fri.—The Lord your God which goeth before you, he shall fight for you.
April 28, Sat.—The Lord thy God hath blessed thee.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BlackRock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XII.—LOVE IS NOT ALL.

Those days when we were waiting Craig's return we spent in the woods or on the mountain sides, or down in the canyon beside the stream that danced down to meet the Black Rock river, I talking and sketching and reading, and she listening and dreaming, with often a happy smile upon her face. But there were moments when a cloud of shuddering fear would sweep the smile away, and then I would talk of Craig till the smile came back again.

But the woods and the mountains and the river were her best, her wisest, friends during those days. How sweet the ministry of the woods to her! The trees were in their new summer leaves, fresh and full of life. They swayed and rustled above us, flinging their interlacing shadows upon us, and their swaying and their rustling soothed and comforted like the voice and touch of a mother. And the mountains, too, in all the glory of their varying robes of blues and purples, stood calmly, solemnly about us, uplifting our souls into regions of rest. The changing lights and shadows flitted swiftly over their rugged fronts, but left them ever as before in their steadfast majesty. 'God's in His heaven.' What would you have? And ever the little river sang its cheerful courage, fearing not the great mountains that threatened to bar its passage to the sea. Mrs. Mavor heard the song and her courage rose.

'We too shall find our way,' she said, and I believed her.

But through these days I could not make her out, and I found myself studying her as I might a new acquaintance. Years had fallen from her; she was a girl again, full of young warm life. She was as sweet as before, but there was a soft shyness over her, a half-shamed, half-frank consciousness in her face, a glad light in her eyes that made her all new to me. Her perfect trust in Craig was touching to see.

'He will tell me what to do,' she would say, till I began to realise how impossible it would be for him to betray such trust, and be anything but true to the best.

So much did I dread Craig's home-coming, that I sent for Graeme and old man Nelson, who was more and more Graeme's trusted counsellor and friend. They were both highly excited by the story I had to tell, for I thought it best to tell them all; but I was not a little surprised and disgusted that they did not see the matter in my light. In vain I protested against the madness of allowing anything to send these two from each other. Graeme summed up the discussion in his own emphatic way, but with an earnestness in his words not usual with him.

'Craig will know better than any of us what is right to do, and he will do that, and no man can turn him from it; and,' he added, 'I should be sorry to try.'

Then my wrath rose, and I cried—

'It's a tremendous shame! They love each other. You are talking sentimental humbug and nonsense!'

'He must do the right,' said Nelson in his deep, quiet voice.

'Right! Nonsense! By what right does he send from him the woman he loves?'

'"He pleased not Himself,"' quoted Nelson reverently.

'Nelson is right,' said Graeme. 'I should not like to see him weaken.'

'Look here,' I stormed; 'I didn't bring you men to back him up in his nonsense. I thought you could keep your heads level.'

'Now, Connor,' said Graeme, 'don't rage—leave that for the heathen; it's bad form, and useless besides. Craig will walk his way where his light falls; and by all that's holy, I should hate to see him fail; for if he weakens like the rest of us my North Star will have dropped from my sky.'

'Nice selfish spirit,' I muttered.

'Entirely so. I'm not a saint, but I feel like steering by one when I see him.'

When after a week had gone, Craig rode up one early morning to his shack door, his face told me that he had fought his fight and had not been beaten. He had ridden all night and was ready to drop with weariness.

'Connor, old boy,' he said, putting out his hand; 'I'm rather played. There was a bad row at the Landing. I have just closed poor Colley's eyes. It was awful. I must get sleep. Look after Dandy, will you, like a good chap?'

'Oh, Dandy be hanged!' I said, for I knew it was not the fight, nor the watching, nor the long ride that had shaken his iron nerve and given him that face. 'Go in and lie down; I'll bring you something.'

'Wake me in the afternoon,' he said; 'she is waiting. Perhaps you will go to her'—his lips quivered—'my nerve is rather gone.' Then with a very wan smile he added, 'I am giving you a lot of trouble.'

'You go to thunder!' I burst out, for my throat was hot and sore with grief for him.

'I think I'd rather go to sleep,' he replied, still smiling. I could not speak, and was glad of the chance of being alone with Dandy.

When I came in I found him sitting with his head in his arms upon the table fast asleep. I made him tea, forced him to take a warm bath, and sent him to bed, while I went to Mrs. Mavor. I went with a fearful heart, but that was because I had forgotten the kind of woman she was.

She was standing in the light of the window waiting for me. Her face was pale but steady, there was a proud light in her fathomless eyes, a slight smile parted her lips, and she carried her head like a queen.

'Come in,' she said. 'You need not fear to tell me. I saw him ride home. He has not failed, thank God! I am proud of him; I knew he would be true. He loves me'—she drew in her breath sharply, and a faint color tinged her cheek—'but he knows love is not all—ah, love is not all! Oh! I am glad and proud!'

'Glad!' I gasped, amazed.

'You would not have him prove faithless!' she said with proud defiance.

'Oh, it is high sentimental nonsense,' I could not help saying.

'You should not say so,' she replied, and her voice rang clear. 'Honor, faith, and duty are sentiments, but they are not nonsense.'

In spite of my rage I was lost in amazed admiration of the high spirit of the woman who stood up so straight before me. But, as I told how worn and broken he was, she listened with changing color and swelling bosom, her proud courage all gone, and only love, anxious and pitying, in her eyes.

'Shall I go to him?' she asked with timid eagerness and deepening colour.

'He is sleeping. He said he would come to you,' I replied.

'I shall wait for him,' she said softly, and the tenderness in her tone went straight to my heart, and it seemed to me a man might suffer much to be loved with love such as this.

In the early afternoon Graeme came to her. She met him with both hands outstretched, saying in a low voice—

'I am very happy.'

'Are you sure?' he asked anxiously.

'Oh, yes,' she said, but her voice was like a sob; 'quite, quite sure.'

They talked long together till I saw that Craig must soon be coming, and I called Graeme away. He held her hands, looked steadily into her eyes and said—

'You are better even than I thought; I'm going to be a better man.'

Her eyes filled with tears, but her smile did not fade as she answered—

'Yes! you will be a good man, and God will give you work to do.'

He bent his head over her hands and stepped back from her as from a queen, but he spoke no word till we came to Craig's door. Then he said with humility that seemed strange in him, 'Connor, that is great, to conquer oneself. It is worth while. I am going to try.'

(To be Continued.)

The Power of Prayer.

(By Mr. George Muller, in 'The Christian.')

The language of Psalm cxvi. 1, 2, might be the experience of every one of us, so far as God is concerned. Each might be able to say: 'I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice, and my supplications; because He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live.' I strongly recommend young believers to keep a memorandum book, in which to set down the subjects of special prayer, and note the answer side by side. The great secret in prayer is on no account to give way till the answer is given. It is a grace which all may exercise. There were gifts in the days of the Apostles, of which faith was one. The grace of faith will increase in proportion to its use. When I began the life of faith in 1829-30, at Teignmouth, I remember how weak I was in faith as compared with now. I could then trust God for a shilling or a pound, but as time went on I found there was no limit to the degree in which I might trust Him, and I learnt to trust Him for hundreds and thousands of pounds. If I now knew that God had called me to a work needing £200,000, I should trust and expect God would give it; and thus invariably during the past sixty-six years. What I mention this for, is to impress upon you that there is nothing to prevent everyone having the like privilege, so far as God is concerned.

It has been a great joy to have been able to give instruction in schools to 123,000 children, many of them being under our care for as much as ten years; but the most precious answer to prayer in connection with that work has been that thousands of them have been brought to Christ, the spiritual blessing of the children being the great thing with me from the beginning. As many as sixty have been saved in one school in half a year, and many of those saved in these schools are now preachers of the Gospel at home or missionaries abroad. It was much laid on my heart to circulate the scriptures, and in answer to prayer I have had the joy of circulating 274,000 Bibles, 1,425,000 New Testaments, besides very many thousands of portions of Scriptures, in various languages, so that these books have been scattered in almost every country.

Yellowstone Park.

Chester C. Beecher, in 'Christian Work,' describes a journey from Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park. After describing the objects to be seen before coming to Cinnabar he says:

At Cinnabar the train is exchanged for the stage coach, and we enter upon a new experience. Outside and inside the tourists climb, all available space is taken; and, after much jollity and laughter, we start out upon our ride of one hundred and seventy miles over the mountains, through the valleys, around the turns and curves, until, as one of our party remarked, 'The curves are so sharp, you meet yourself coming back on the other side.' Mammoth Hot Springs is our first stopping place. We stay here at the hotel until the next morning. Here there are nearly two hundred acres of variously colored hot springs, and the boiling or hot river that carries these heated waters down and under the earth to Gardiner River, a couple of miles away. This group is one of the most remarkable in the limits of the park, and probably has not its equal in grandeur in the world. The steep sides of the hill are ornamented with a series of semicircular basins, with margins varying in height from a few inches to six or eight feet, and so beautifully scalloped and adorned with a kind of bead work that the beholder stands amazed at this marvel of nature's handiwork. Add to this a snow white ground; there is every variety of shade of scarlet, green and yellow. The pools or basins are of all sizes, from a few inches to six or eight feet in diameter, and from two inches to two feet in depth. At the top of the hill there is a broad flat terrace covered more or less with these basins 150 to 200 yards in diameter. Here we find the largest, finest and most active spring of the group at the present time. The largest spring is very near the outer margin of the terrace, and is 25 by 40 feet in diameter. The sides of the basin are ornamented with coral-like forms, with a great variety of shades, from pure white to a bright cream yellow; and the blue sky reflected in the transparent waters gives an azure tint to the whole which surpasses all art. The calcareous deposit around the rim is also most elegantly ornamented, but, like the icy covering of a pool, extends from the edge toward the centre, and this projects over the basin until it is not more than a fourth of an inch thick. These springs have one or more centres of ebullition, and in this group it is constant, seldom rising more than two to four inches above the surface. From various portions of the rim the water flows out in moderate quantities over the sides of the hill. Whenever it gathers into a channel and flows quite swiftly, basins with sides from two to eight feet high are formed, with the ornamental designs proportionately coarse; but when the water flows slowly, myriads of the little basins are formed, one below the other, with a kind of irregular system, as it might be called, which constitutes the difference between the works of nature and the works of art. As these waters flow down the sides of the mountains, they constantly deposit more or less of this calcareous sediment in almost every possible variety of form. Underneath the sides of many of these pools are rows of stalactites of all sizes, many of them exquisitely ornamented, formed by the dripping of the water over the margins of the basins. One of the most attractive features of this remarkable scene are the old ruins, which indicate the former existence of a far greater number of hot springs than are found at the present time, with here and there a dead geyser mound.

THE GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Next forenoon we were ready to go forward. After spending the night here, and lunch over, we can hardly wait for the slow hands of the clock to point the hour of two, when the guide gathers the tourists about him for the trip to the formation. The afternoon is spent roaming about the terraces. So varied, so beautiful are these, that it is hard to say which of them one likes the best. Minerva, Pulpit, Cleopatra, Angel, Narrow Gauge, Elephant's Back are among the most beautiful ones.

The morning gave promise of a charming autumn day as we once again took seats in the coach—no outside seats from here on. We hardly realize that we are 6,215 feet above sea level. As we ascend Golden Gate Hill, Bunsen Park, with its steep yellow slopes and high precipices, seems to rise to twice its actual height. Golden Gate, with its yellow cliff 200 or 300 feet high, with the roadway clinging to it on one side (which, by the way, was built at a cost of about $15,000 per mile) and the single stone pillar about twelve feet high, and the ravine below on the other side, never lacks in interest to the tourist. Now we ride out into Swan Lake Valley. Truly we feel that God has wrinkled the earth into mountains and poured the water into the hollows of the hills. Everywhere the trim, white mile posts tell the traveller where he is, but the windings and turnings bring us at last to a long avenue of trees, and ahead we see on a knoll a white city of tents, and we know we have reached the lunch station at Norris Geyser Basin.

It is here that we pass Obsidian Cliff, consisting of vertical columns of pentagonal shaped blocks of obsidian or a jet black and opaque mineral glass, sometimes streaked with red and yellow. The roadway at the base of the cliff was made by great fires being built around the blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, so shattering the blocks into small fragments. This is probably the only piece of glass roadway in the world.

Lunch over, our guide conducts us out upon the formation. Long before reaching it we can hear Black Growler; though why it should be called black we could not learn. There is a small opening in the hill about two feet in diameter through which issues continually a solid column of steam and can be heard two miles away. This is the steam vent for this section of the geysers. The Devil's Inkstand, Emerald Pool, Congress Spring, the New Crater geysers, were all full of interest to us, while Marble Terrace called forth exclamations of de-

light as we gazed upon this exquisite creation. Like pure marble it looked, and the etchings and chasings along its edges are wonderful. But the great geyser is the Monarch, which plays every three or four days. Although at the farthest point of the formation, we heard the burst of water from the hillside, and at the cry, 'The Monarch is playing,' even the oldest in the company forgot the dignity of years and ran as they were wont when school girls and boys. This geyser sends up a column of hot water from 100 to 240 feet, and plays about fifteen minutes.

Our coach, however, stands waiting for us. Just as we step in the Minute Man geyser goes off, and spouts steam and water to a height of thirty feet. We wonder can there be anything beyond more interesting, more wonderfully beautiful?

Our faithful driver brings us at last, at the close of the day, safely around the windings and turnings of the mountains' sides, setting us down at the Fountain Hotel. Here we are told that the bears will be fed, and that it will be safe to go out and see them eat. They feed upon the table refuse which is dumped near the woods, and the bears come down out of the woods to eat; as many as seven at a time may be seen. We hurriedly eat our dinner, and go with fear and trembling to watch them, hoping they will make no mistake in looking for their supper. Near this hotel the Fountain geyser is the chief attraction, playing at intervals of about five hours. The eruption is a beautiful one, and resembles that of a large fountain. Near the geyser are the richly colored paint pots. In this basin is a mass of fine, whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. It resembles a vast pot of boiling paint or bed of mortar constantly boiling. We were shown pictures

THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

painted from the colors obtained from these paint pots.

Prismatic Lake is probably the largest and certainly one of the most beautiful springs in the entire Park region. It would be impossible to exaggerate the delicacy and richness of the colorings in and about this wonderful phenomenon of nature. Excelsior Geyser, the largest of all the geysers, plays only at intervals of several years, and, when it does play, ejects more water than all the other geysers combined. There is something so uncanny about this region, we gladly hasten across this formation to meet our coach on the other side.

Now just in front of us behold Sapphire Pool, Morning Glory Spring and Emerald Pool. These are wonderfully beautiful, and in shape and coloring are just what their names indicate. But here we are at the lunch station, and only ten minutes more when one of the grandest sights is yet to be seen, Old Faithful, the unfailing delight of the tourist. As we stand before this geyser with expectancy, a feeling of awe creeps over us; but we wait only a moment, and then Old Faithful hurls its enormous body of steam and water fully 150 feet. The Bee Hive, the Grand, the Splendid, the Lioness, the Castle, the Giant and others are just as magnificent. Indeed, among all this variety of display, it would be difficult to say which was superior. Feeling that there can be nothing grander beyond, we reluctantly turn away, wishing the day had been longer, or more time had been allotted this part of the trip.

Our route now takes us on up the mountain steeps until we reach the Continental Divide, 8,300 feet above the sea level, where the waters flow east to the Atlantic and west to the Pacific. This drive is wholly unlike the preceding ones. A quick turn and Yellowstone Lake, 20 x 16 miles in size, like a beautiful picture greets us. At the West Arm of the lake we stop for lunch, and then continue our journey to Lake Hotel.

"THE MONARCH IS PLAYING."

The morning finds us en route for the Grand Canon. The seventeen miles take us through the Yellowstone Valley the entire distance. Just before reaching the hotel, a curve in the road brings us in full view of the Cascades, which terminate in a perpendicular fall of 140 feet. But the canon! Who can describe this wondrous unfolding of the glories and powers of God working through nature? Who can describe its overpowering grandeur, and, at the same time, its inexpressible beauty? It tells its own story as no one else can tell it. It seems as if the rays of every rainbow that had spanned the canon, the iridescence of every sunset that all these centuries had set over the region had been caught and transfixed forever upon the walls of the canon in startling brilliancy. Then the view of the Lower Falls; not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful; as the water seems to wait a moment on the verge of the level rock over which it leaps, it passes with a single bound 360 feet into the gorge below, a sheer, unbroken, shining mass of spray and foam as white as the driven snow.

Reaping.

'Reaper,' I asked, 'among the golden sheaves,
Toiling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toil,
What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?'

The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain,
'I do my Master's work, as He has taught:
And work of love with gold was never bought.
He knoweth all of which my life hath need:
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain.'

—'Waif.'

'Jack Nazarene.'

A STORY OF THE NEW SOUTH.

(By H. A. Scomp, in Boston 'Congregationalist.')

'Grandmamma, do you believe a nigger's got any soul?' The speaker was a Negro boy of about twelve years. The person addressed was his grandmother, 'Aunt Silvy,' a tall, venerable woman of near threescore and ten winters—they had been *winters rather than summers.*

The boy, called 'Jack' by everybody else, was always invested with the orthodox name of 'Nazarene' by his grandmother—his sole surviving relative—for Aunt Silvy was a pious churchwoman who believed in 'Scriptyur' names for persons and places. Even Jack's dog answered to the biblical name of 'Jonadab.'

Jack, when propounding this psychological 'poser' to his grandmother, was stretched upon the cabin floor, face downward, a book which he had been reading lying between his elbows.

'Does I b'lieve a nigger's got any soul?' slowly repeated Aunt Silvy, looking up from the ironing board at which she had long been working. 'Of course I does. Why, don't de bible say, "Ethiopy shall stretch out her hands unto God"? I'd like to know how Ethiopy'd stretch out her hands if de nigger ain't got any soul?'

'Well,' answered Jack, 'this book, "Ariel," says that a Negro is just a beast, and's got no soul at all.'

'I tell *you*, Nazarene. "Ethiopy shall stretch out her hands,"' impatiently retorted Aunt Silvy, and Jack, with an unsatisfied expression on his face arose and walked out to the low yard fence, where he stopped and whistled.

Aunt Silvy was very ambitious for her grandchild. She longed to see him educated—'get a diplomer,' as she expressed it. He was, she believed, a child of destiny. He would be great among his people; perhaps might one day lead 'black Isarel' back to their fatherland. She taught him to read, and had already imbued him with the feeling that he was called to work for his people. For three years he had been a pupil in the school of Miss Northen, a Massachusetts missionary, who taught a school for the freedmen's children in Atlanta.

Jack was already well advanced in his studies. Far into the night the gleam of a tallow 'dip' or of a blazing pine knot would show the boy bending over some book of history or travel, particularly of African exploration or story. From the barracks officers, Miss Northen and others he had received many books, which he read voraciously. A lieutenant in a spirit of teasing had given him a copy of 'Ariel,' which first awoke in him a doubt as to his ownership of that important part—a soul.

When he went out to the fence and whistled it was evidently a signal, for presently a girl about a year younger than himself appeared at the door of the next cabin.

'Come here, Phyllis,' called Jack. 'Have you any soul?'

'To be sure I have. What do you ask that for, Jack?'

'Well,' replied Jack, 'this book says that you ain't, no more than Jonadab here.' The two children sat down under the shade of a holly and read over many pages of the disquieting volume.

'But, Jack,' broke in Phyllis, 'would Miss Northen pray every morning for the Lord to save our souls if we didn't have any?'

'No, I reckon not,' Jack answered, doubtfully; 'but I tell you, Phyllis, I mean to find out all about the Negro,' he added, determinedly.

Just then Aunt Silvy, who had been singing, 'We are climbing Jacob's ladder in the jubilee,' appeared at the door of her cabin, and called, 'Nazarene!'—strong emphasis on 'rene'—'take de close to de barracks.'

She lifted upon the boy's head the basketful of snowy linen, and he trudged away towards the officers' quarters with Jonadab at his heels.

Eight years: Jack Nazarene, now a young man of twenty, is in the senior class of one of the universities of Atlanta. In his thin figure, restless eye and nervous walk we may detect the student and thinker, who has a purpose, a life work before him. He is of those who swerve neither to the right nor the left from a predetermined course. To uplift his people is his self-appointed task. The seed which his grandmother planted is bearing a hundred-fold harvest.

He and Aunt Silvy still occupy their humble home in the fringe of Negro habitations near the trenches. A little garden, carefully tended, contributes much of their short bill of fare. Phyllis, now a young woman, recently graduated, is a teacher in her alma mater. She, too, still lives in her former home.

In the university Jack is a leader, especially in philology and history. He is acknowledged the orator of the school, and is a power among the students. But Africa and the Negro have long absorbed his thoughts. Chiefly through his efforts the African Historical Society had been organized. This had for its chief objects the history and the ethnology of the African race. What has the Negro contributed to universal history? What factor has he been in the world's commerce, politics and civilization? Ancient history, Egyptian monuments—any and every light beam was followed toward its source. A considerable library of books bearing upon these subjects, along with a small museum, had already been accumulated in the society's archives. Perhaps no other student body in America were so well 'posted' upon these specialties. Jack maintained that these questions for them were more than speculative; the vision must take on flesh and blood. It outlined duty for each of them. His enthusiasm quickened them. 'Our mission is to our own people,' was the oft-repeated motto. 'The world must know that we are rising,' Jack insisted.

Aunt Silvy has aged more than the lapse of years would indicate. Hard service at the washtub and ironing board, with scant fare and little recreation, has bent her vigorous frame at last; but her iron will and unbending purpose are as fixed as ever. To see Nazarene graduate, to hold in her own hands that long-coveted diploma, to have her darling ready to lead 'black Israel,' and she 'would be ready to go,' she said; What aspirations in that lowly dwelling! Daily she admonished Jack that 'Ethiopy must stretch out her hands'—the time was drawing nigh.

Most of that spring she had been confined to her bed. She seemed to live by sheer force of will. 'The Lord'll keep me till Nazarene graduates.' Jack must not quit school on her account. 'No, Nazarene, I'll git along. I'll not go 'fore next June.' She longed to hear his graduating speech. 'You must 'stinguish yourself den,' she would say.

Jack and Phyllis alternately watched by her at night, and some of the neighboring negroes stayed with her in the daytime. She loved to sing, and even upon her bed would feebly warble her favorite melodies in her wonderfully clear, pathetic tones, chanting in the scanning measure characteristic of the Southern Negroes, e. g.: 'Walk in—the light—beauti—ful light, dewdrops—of mercy—so wondrous—ly bright, shine on—shine on—in thy—beauty, Jesus—the light of—the world.'

Commencement Day, long expected, dawned at last, but Aunt Silvy was weaker. Only her indomitable will seemed to hold to life's trembling thread. She insisted that Nazarene must stand by her bed and deliver his valedictory address. Then, with a proud smile, she turned her face away, saying: 'Now, Nazarene, you must go. Phyllis'll stay with me till you come.'

With sad forebodings and aching heart Jack bade her good-bye, commending her to Phyllis's watchful care. 'I'll watch her, Jack, and send for you, if necessary. Now do your best,' Phyllis coaxingly added.

The great auditorium was crowded. The governor and many other prominent white men had seats upon the rostrum. Jack, being valedictorian, must speak last and at night. His reputation for oratory and his high standing made his address to be anticipated as the speech of the occasion. The African Historical Society, of which he was president, sat in a body before the stage. The Educated Negro's Mission was his theme, and from the opening sentence he held that great audience in the hollow of his hand.

He pledged his fellow-students to their mighty task. The Caucasian's work for the African, he said, is foreign missions; the Negro's is home missions. His evangel is to his own race. To no city of the Samaritans is he sent, but to the tribes of the darker Israel. His enthusiasm became contagious, and when the climax was reached in the appeal to the students to join this army of consecration the great crowd, in breathless excitement, arose en masse. Not until the last well-rounded period had died away in the vaulted arches was the spell broken. Then from a thousand dark throats there burst a shout which made those arches tremble again and again. Who shall tell how many hearts were lifted into a higher life under the magic of that hour?

With a few words the diplomas were awarded. Then the multitude surged around Jack to grasp his hand and offer congratulations. Did any eye mark how suddenly the young orator disappeared from the hall, or how rapidly he threaded his way through alleys and commons toward his humble home?

Through the open window he sees Phyllis softly moving about the lowly bed. Breathless he listens; it is his grandmother's voice, anxiously asking, 'Hasn't he come yet?' 'Yes, grandmamma,' answered Jack, rushing in, 'and here it is,' holding out the parchment. 'It' in that cabin home had for years meant the much-coveted diploma. 'Let me see it,' and Aunt Silvy pressed the red seal to her trembling lips. 'Enough,' she said, presently. 'Now, Nazarene, after you lay me away, maybe you'll go to de Niger and to Dwari, where I was born. A big baobab tree stands dere close to de spring, where dey used to practice de great Obeah. Dere's where de slavemen killed my mother. I want you to build a church dere and teach de poor black sheep—your kin—and'—but here consciousness failed her.

Through the long night hours Jack and Phyllis watched. Aunt Silvy talked in an unknown language. It was the long-forgot-

ten Berber tongue. Probably she was again playing by the Kawara with the little heathen children. The watchers looked at each other awestruck.

As the red dawn began to light the east, Aunt Silvy roused for a moment. Obeying her signs, they lifted her up in bed to face the rising day. Abstractedly she gazed, as if her vision reached beyond the wide ocean to the palm groves of her childhood. Then, with dying voice, she whispered, 'Ethiopy—shall—stretch—out—her—hands.' it was finished. With her head on Jack's shoulder she breathed out her spirit. The wild olive—grafted—had been transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.

Late that summer afternoon a little waggon, bearing a plain coffin and followed by a crowd of dark faces, slowly moved out to old Shiloh beyond the trenches. There Aunt Silvy's body was laid close to Miss Cley's grave, to 'wait for the snowy wings' which shall come for those first who sleep in Christ.

From that hour Jack Nazarene's life work began, for 'Ethiopia must stretch out her hands, to God.' As a teacher and a writer he to-day is a power, the peer of any man of his race. As president of a great institution, he is now leading thousands of 'black Israel.' Indefatigably, he is still following up the Negro's history. Personally, or by proxy, he has searched the great libraries of America and Europe collecting his material. His life is a benediction to his people.

Sharing his lot and his labors, as his wife and the mother of his children, faithful Phyllis is no more in doubt as to her title to a soul, but she, too, works for the souls of others, while she blesses the home of Jack Nazarene.

As we think of this man, only two generations removed from 'darkest Africa,' and consider his work, the question, 'Has Negro education proved a failure?' answers itself. In the South to-day are thousands of dark mothers as eager as Aunt Silvy for the education of their children, and there are thousands of Negro boys who are as earnest seekers after knowledge as was Jack Nazarene.

Give the Best.

(By I. N. Ervin, in 'Ram's Horn.')

The Master sat over against the treasury one day while Jerusalem magnates and poor men cast in their gifts. He was not very complimentary about that contribution, taken as a whole. I read the account again and again and then closed my eyes to picture to myself the scene. I saw all sorts of men and women from the different ranks and conditions of life and from the different denominations of the Jewish people. For a long time I watched that procession pass and tried to measure them all with the judgment of Him who sat over against the treasury.

But sudenly everything seemed different. I do not know how it all came about, but the temple seemed to be very modern all at once. I saw the handsome front and the tall steeple of a modern church. I saw its fine frescoes and its cushioned pews and its soft carpets, its beautifully carved pulpit and its magnificent organ. I saw its "dim religious light"—so dim that no one but the Omniscient One could see that every eye was turned away from the preacher. I heard the grand music of that organ and took my place in a comfortable pew. When I turned to look at the only other occupant of that pew I saw the same face I saw over against the treasury in the temple. He was watching to see what these moderns were casting into the treasury.

Suddenly there came a burst of melody from the pipes of the grand organ and the very ceiling echoed with it and the walls seemed to tremble under its thrill. Voices poured out their faultless tones and the eyes of the occupants for a time seemed entranced. Soprano and alto, tenor and bass seemed determined to excel. At last with a full organ and a tremendous burst of mighty voices they sang the 'Amen,' and the tones of the organ melted down into silence.

'What have these really given to the Lord?' he asked. 'They have used these voices for six days in society where I am too strict to be admitted. They have sung in concerts where I am completely ignored. This morning they have come to this sanctuary with music which they have used in these concerts and with words which, fortunately, not a person in this audience could understand. Have they so much as had a thought of serving me with these voices? They are earning their money, they are trying tio enhance their reputation as fine singers by the impression which these musical recitals make on the congregations, but they have done nothing for me in either fact or intention. They might sing such music for many a Sabbath before they would make one saint more devout or melt one sinner to repentance. They have given the best of their talent to other purposes and almost nothing to me. Why should they not give me the best?'

The singers heard, and when they next came to the sanctuary it was with a song that touched all hearts and lifted the souls of men to communion with their Maker.

Then came the preacher with his sermon as his gift. When he had ceased, the Master shook his head again, and said, 'Give the best. You gave a large part of this past week to social enjoyment, you gave the best of your ability to an essay for a debating circle and an article for a paper. You gave the best of your strength to a lecture in another town, and last night, weary and distracted in mind, you threw together a few platitudes about the "spread of the gospel." How much has this sermon served me—how much did you expect it to accomplish.'

The minister went away abashed, but when he came back his sermon was full of intellect and heart and was all aglow with a personal love for souls. The best of the man and of a whole week's time was in it. The whole consecrated man was in it and the Master then blessed it. No effort of his past had done so much good because he had now given his best.

A man of wealth came and dropped his cheque with an air of indifference into the plate. He was not giving to be seen of men, much less to be seen by him who sat over against the treasury, but because the associations of his life made it imperative for him to give. He was startled to find himself addressed and to hear the Master say to him, too, "Give the best. You bought a farm the other day that you did not need and tied up all your money and borrowed more. You wanted to be able to say that you owned so many acres of good land. The best effort of your life is going to further your reputation as a land owner. This cheque was only a side matter. It was a little speculation in which you have dabbled. You happened to have it by you and it was so small it cut no figure in your finances and you dropped it in. You had no thought of honoring God when you made it; you did not anticipate any good it might do for the cause and kingdom of God when you dropped it in the plate. It does not represent anything of yourself or your work.'

The farmer heard to good purpose and went home to plough and to plant and to gather for the glory of God. God's share was in every enterprise and that share was always given to the Lord. Then I presume the Master smiled approval.

Then came a woman of moderate station. She gave enough, she said to herself, for a woman of her position. She was not wealthy, but she was not ashamed of what she gave. She did not see the Master till he spoke. But her good opinion of her gift was changed when he had spoken.

'Give the best. You have dressed yourself handsomely. You have entertained in a sumptuous manner, for though you did not invite me to your dinners I was there unrecognized. You have ornamented your home with great pride though I fail to find much place for myself there. How much of your thought is associated with the gift you are giving to-day. Was it the best you had to give or what was left after gratifying yourself? Are you giving your best to further the cause of your Lord or to enhance your social standing? Did you give the best to yourself or to me?'

She had not thought of the matter in that light before, but she went away with one question to remain ever with her: 'How shall I use what I have for the Master's sake?'

There came a husband and wife and added their portion to the others. They had nothing separate, but gave their gifts jointly. They had turned to leave the place when that quiet voice was heard once more.

'Give the best. You have brought here a tithe of your income and have dedicated it to my service. But your best is not your property. Your best is your boy. You are expending your best thought and effort on him. You see his lack of qualification for mercantile pursuit, but you are training him for a business life. You lament that his fondness for study seems to be in his way. It takes his mind away from monetary calculations. He is fond of oratory, and that you are alarmed about lest he will want to exercise that gift instead of being content in the counting house. He is absorbed in the work of the Christian Endeavor Society, and you fear he will give too much time to that. You have a lurking dread that he may want to enter the ministry and you are trying to hold him back lest it may not be remunerative enough. Do you not see that I want that boy. I want his peculiar gifts for the pulpit. I want him to preach the everlasting gospel. He is the best you have and I want the best.'

As they walked home together they said to each other, 'Let us give that boy with the best training we can give him, to the Lord. Let us educate him at any expense and give him fully equipped as far as man's training will equip. Let us keep nothing back, especially let us not withhold the best.'

Thus He sat in the great church while the many cast in their gifts. And to all he said, 'Give the best.' More than one son or daughter which were being garlanded for a sacrifice on the altar of a godless society were released and consecrated to the joyous service of God. Many, very many were the prayers which were woven into the Lord's portion after that. In some cases where he had been accustomed to gather the gleanings he now received the first-fruit. And there were many who gave great gifts and many who gave little who received the approval of the Master as having done what they could.

LITTLE FOLKS

Mother's Text.

Josepha was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of a thing, she thought; and then baby had been so ill that mother had not the time to get any little present ready for her. It was true that was only put off—the present was to come—but still Josepha felt out of sorts; and when mother called her to get her Bible verses, she gave a reluctant pout, and grumbled that it

JOSEPHA GRUMBLED THAT SHE COULDN'T HAVE A HOLIDAY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

was hard that she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses.

Mother at once shut the Bible, and laid it on the table.

'I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad temper,' she said, 'so I will preach you a sermon instead:

'"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but, instead of helping his father to keep him from them, he went straight out and played with their hives, and of course they very soon stung him again."'

'Well, what next?' asked the little listener.

'That's all,' said mother.

'All? Why, I don't think you can call that a sermon.'

'Yes, it's a sermon,' answered mamma, 'but it is a short one, and it has my daughter for a text.'

'Now, mamma, you know I never do anything like that!' exclaimed Josepha.

'I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's Prayer, what do you say after "Thy kingdom come"?'

'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven,' repeated the little girl, briskly.

'That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do it. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?'

'I don't know,' said Josepha, slowly, but trying hard to think.

'Of course, we don't know exactly, but of some things we may feel confident: I am sure they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly.'

'The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't,' answered Josepha, who felt as if she rather needed to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text on the nursery wall: 'Children, obey your parents.'

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mother drew her little girl to her knee, and kissed her tenderly.

'I won't give you any verses today,' she said gently, 'but I will give you this little sermon to learn by heart. Every time you say, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—promptly, cheerfully, perfectly. And then you must help the Lord to answer this prayer.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Why Tom Lost His Place.

Tom Lemasters was a bright boy, very industrious and very fond of his mother. His father had been dead about a year, and Tommy felt the responsibility of helping to earn a living.

'Mr. Harrison wants a boy in his store,' Tommy's mother said one afternoon, coming in from down town and putting several parcels on the table.

'Did you tell him I wanted a place?' Tom asked, excitedly, jumping up from the chair where he was reading a book.

'Yes, and he said you should come down at once to see him about it,' she replied.

'I will go now.'

Tom seized his hat and was bounding toward the door, when his mother called, 'Wait; black your shoes, wash your face, and I will get you a clean waist to put on. First impressions are lasting.'

'All rght, mother,' he said, cheerily, hurrying out to do as she bade him.

In an hour Tom was home again. He rushed into his mother's presence, tossed his hat and caught it, and exclaimed, 'I got the place! I got the place!'

'Sure?' his mother asked, delightedly.

'Sure!' Tom said. 'I am to go to work in the morning. Mr. Harrison said it was on your account, mother, for while he did not know much about me, he knew you, and that was enough for him.'

'How very kind; and, Tommy,

you will not do anything to make Mr. Harrison sorry he took you and break my heart, will you ?'

'Indeed not, mother.'

So Tom went to work, determined to please his employer and to honor his mother.

'Here, boy,' the cashier called one day, 'take this note over to Lawyer Parson's office, and fly, I tell you, for he is going away on the nine o'clock train.'

The manner of the cashier was cross and his words sharp, and Tommy grew red with anger; but he took the note and ran every step of the way to the office, and in fifteen minutes was back again.

'Mr. Parsons said, 'all right,' he reported to the cashier, between gasps for breath.

'Good boy,' the cashier said, and turned away to his work.

'Here, Tom,' Mr. Harrison called, 'take these letters to the post office, and be quick, for the mail closes at nine; it's five minutes to nine now.'

'Oh, dear !' Tom sighed, as he hurried out, 'I just went by the office. Why could not I have done this when I went to Mr. Parsons' ?' Nevertheless he ran again, and the letters were mailed at the very last minute.

When night came Tom was thoroughly tired, for he was kept busy all day long running here and there for this clerk and that.

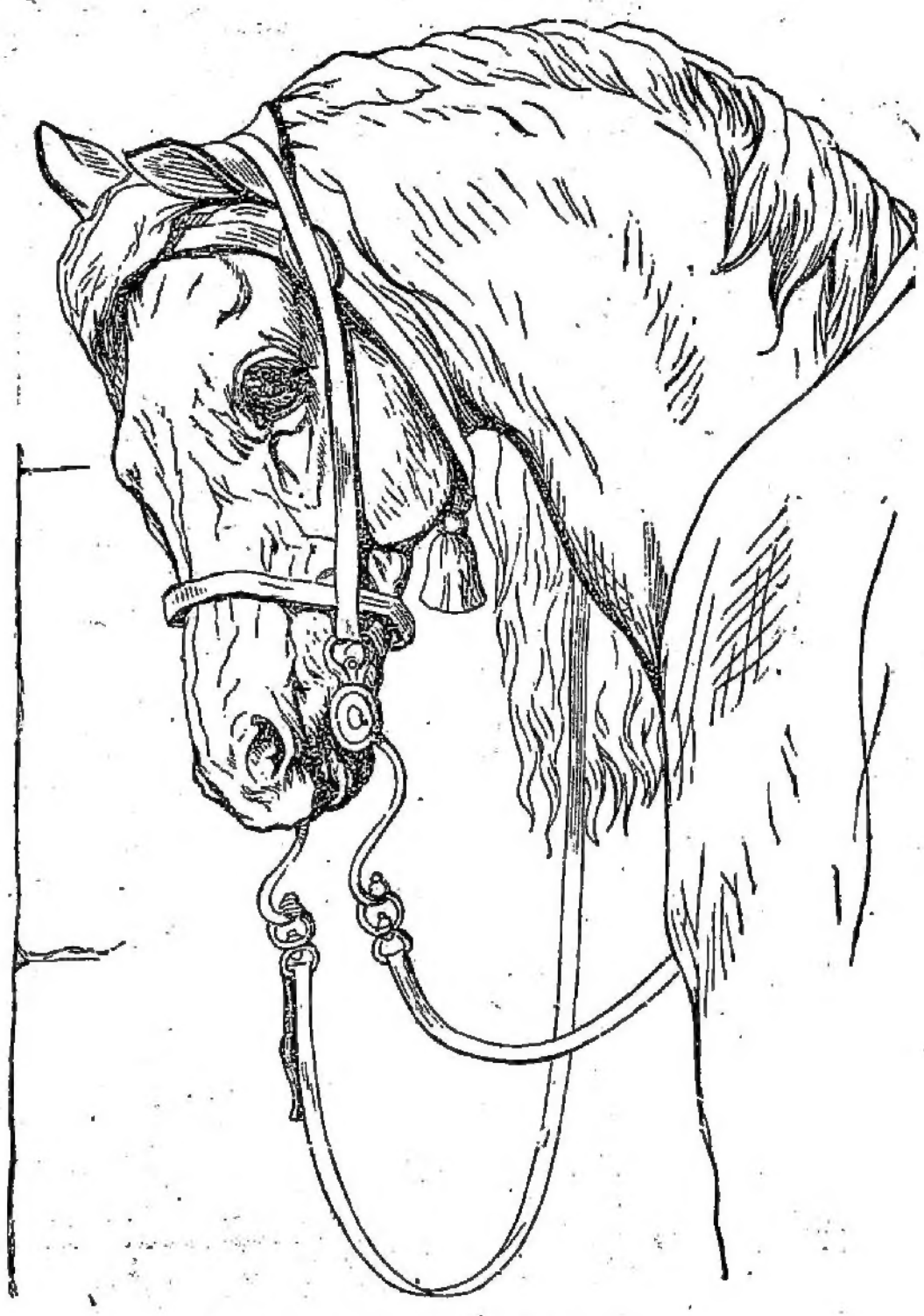
'Mother,' he exclaimed one night, 'people think because I am a boy I never get tired ! I just must give up that place.'

'Please don't,' his mother said. 'We need your wages, and then it is a good starter for something better.'

'Well, mother, suppose you pray about it. I must have more strength or I can never get through another week.'

His mother smiled at his simple faith in her prayers and that night she did ask the Father to give her boy patience and strength for his daily task. So the weeks went by until the holidays.

Then there was a rush in the store for sure. Everybody was busy. Crowds of people came to buy armfuls of things. Many weary tramps Tom made to the trains, carrying parcels for customers who lived out of town. Many hurried runs were made to the express office, to the bank, to the post office, and elsewhere. When Tom came into the store there was always something to be done, and he did it.



DRAWING LESSON II.

It was in the latter part of January; the great rush was over. The big store seemed very quiet, with only here and there a customer where hundreds had crowded the counters a few weeks before.

The floor walker found Tommy one morning in the basement straightening up the reserve stock.

'Mr. Harrison wants you in his office,' he said.

Tom went to the office and found there four or five heads of departments and the cashier.

'Tom,' sad Mr. Harrison, looking at him a second and then whirling his office chair around so Tom could not see his face, 'it is the opinion of these gentlemen—and I agree with them—that you are not wanted as errand boy any longer.'

'Sir,' said Tommy, bursting into tears, 'my mother !' He could say no more.

'There, there!' said Mr. Harrison, in softer tones, 'I did not know you would feel so bad about it.'

'I would not, sir,' said Tommy at last, drying his tears and trying to be very brave, 'but I promised my mother not to lose my place if I could help it.'

'So I see,' said Mr. Harrison; 'but, Tommy, there is one thing I did not tell you. The cashier is at the bottom of this. He says he does not want you to run errands any more, for he wants you in his office to help him. Now, if you don't care, you may go there at five dollars a week instead of three, as now.'

'Sir,' Tommy began.

'That is all, gentlemen,' Mr. Harrison said, rising, and the men went out, the cashier taking Tommy with him.

And that is how Tommy lost one position to get a better one.—'Sunday-school Advocate.'

Little Foes.

'By-and-bye' is a dangerous guide,
Who leads to the town of 'Never.'
'Don't care' and 'No matter' are foes
You'd better keep clear of for ever.

'I can't' is a mean little coward
Who never will make a man.
You must seek, if you want to resist him,
The help of his master, 'I can.'

'I forgot' will bring you to trouble.
'I shan't' is a bad boy indeed.
'It's no use my trying,' you grumble.
Keep trying until you succeed.
—'Waif.'

LESSON V.—APRIL 29.

Jesus and John the Baptist.

Luke vii., 18-28. Memory verses 22, 23. Read Luke vii., 11-35.

Daily Readings.

M. The Parallel. Mt. 11: 1-15.
T. Great Faith. Lk. 7: 1-10.
W. Great Hope. 1 Jn. 3: 1-11.
T. Great Love. Ro. 5: 1-8.
F. Great Grace. Ac. 4: 31-36.
S. Greatness. Mt. 20: 20-28.

Golden Text.

'He hath done all things well.'—Mark vii., 37.

Lesson Text.

(18.) And the disciples of John shewed him of all these things. (19.) And John calling unto him two of his disciples sent them to Jesus, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? (20.) When the men were come unto him, they said, John Baptist hath sent us unto thee, saying, Art thou he that should come? or look we for another? (21.) And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind he gave sight. (22.) Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. (23.) And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me. (24.) And when the messengers of John were departed, he began to speak unto the people concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind? (25.) But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in king's courts. (26.) But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. (27.) This is he, of whom it is written, Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. (28.) For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.

Suggestions.

John the Baptist, the fore-runner of the Messiah, had been cast into prison because of his faithful rebuke of Herod the tetrarch's sins. (Matt. xiv., 3, 4.) His prison was the dungeon cell of Macherus, that gloomy fortress in the mountains east of the Dead Sea.

In prison his disciples visited him and told him of the wonderful works of Jesus, and how his fame spread and grew daily. John pondered over this news and thought of all that he knew about this Prophet to whom he himself had borne witness that he was the Son of God. He had seen him first when Jesus came to be baptised by him and the Spirit of God had descended like a dove, and a voice from heaven proclaimed, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' (Matt. III., 13-17.) He had seen him again two or three times after Jesus returned from the forty days' conflict in the desert. And had pointed him out to his own disciples as the Lamb of God, the Messiah whom he had heralded, and for whom he had been sent to prepare the way. With joy he bore testimony and ungrudgingly he saw his own favorite disciples leave his side to follow the Man who was greater than he.

With noblest humility John had subsequently testified again that Jesus was the Messiah whose power must increase in every way while the power of the Baptist must decrease, his mission of preparation being almost accomplished. But his ministry was brought to a close sooner than he could have possibly anticipated. Suddenly he was seized and thrown into prison. Probably he comforted himself at first with the thought that the Messiah who was born King of the Jews (Matt. II., 1, 2.) would soon set up his kingdom on earth and immediately release and give honor to his faithful forerunner. But as the days and weeks and months passed by and still no message came from Jesus, John began to wonder if this Man could really be the king whose coming he had heralded with such enthusiasm.

The long confinement in the unwholesome dungeon had told on the strong man's strength. John, who had lived his life free and untrammeled in the open air of the desert, was quickly affected by the unaccustomed restraint and the close atmosphere, and the condition of the body to a great extent influences the condition of the mind. A man in ill-health often becomes discouraged and harbors doubts and questions which could not have tempted him when he was strong and well. An honest doubter is not one who prides himself on his inability to believe, it is rather that one who in the midst of doubts and fears cries out, 'O God—if there be a God—save me.' And to such an one God does reveal himself in wonderful love and mercy. The honest seeker finds God. He who comes to God with his doubts shall have them solved. (John vii., 17.) But God is and always will be unknown to those who wilfully doubt and discredit him.

John had his season of doubting, but he was not overcome. He was an honest man and took his doubts to the fountain head of all wisdom, he was sincere and willing to be convinced of the truth. Many doubters of to-day are not honest. Either they have given the matter no thought at all simply accepting other men's doubts—second hand unbelief. Or they have decided that they can not believe on Christ and at the same time live a life of luxurious self-pleasing or dishonest success.

Whatever the excuse of doubters, the fundamental difficulty in every case is the same. The man who professes to doubt God's existence is really trying to hide even from himself the fact that he is not willing to surrender his will to God. This is the crucial point, for if a man honestly seeks the truth and is willing to accept it when found, God will not allow him to remain long in darkness. The man who is willing to obey God if God is a reality—finds that God meets him more than half way, for the Father seeketh such to worship him (John iv., 23.)

When John sent to Jesus asking him if he were indeed the Messiah, the long promised King and Saviour, Jesus answered by pointing out to the messengers his miracles of healing and love. Isaiah had prophesied (Isa. xxxv., 5, 6.) that the Messiah should come in the power of God, opening the eyes of the blind, healing the deaf and dumb, giving strength and life to the maimed. Our Lord pointed out that he was fulfilling these prophesies, and added a tender word of caution to John—Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me. We can not understand all God's ways, but that is no reason to doubt his wisdom rather is it the surer proof of his omniscience, for if our little minds could fathom the workings of God's mind, he could not be the God of all wisdom and might.

As soon as the messengers of John had gone, Jesus began to speak to the multitudes about his great forerunner. In words of highest praise he pictured the strong, true, fearless character of John, as he had preached in the desert. But great as was John the last of the old dispensation messengers from God—greatest because of his nearness to Christ, the least important of the followers of Christ are, under the new dispensation, given a greater place because they may abide in Christ.

'The two St. Johns' by Dr. Stalker, will be found a very helpful study on this subject.

Junior C. E Topic.

PAYING GOD.

Mon., April 23. Love. 1 John 4: 19.
Tues., April 24. Service. Ps. 100: 2.
Wed., April 25. Talent. 2 Tim. 1: 6.
Thu., April 26. Talents. Rom. 12: 6.
Fri., April 27. Youth. Eccl. 12: 1.
Sat., April 28. Age. Prov. 16: 31.
Sun., April 29. Topic—What do we owe to God? Luke 20: 21-25.

C. E. Topic.

April. 29.—What is God's due? Luke 20: 19-26.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

9. Q.—What diseases of the brain and nerves does the continued use of alcohol produce?

A.—Epilepsy, insanity, and delirium tremens are the worst, but all hard drinkers have their nerves so broken down that they can hardly manage their limbs or do any kind of business.

10. Q.—What is epilepsy?

A.—It is a disease in which the sufferer is continually losing all control of the muscles and falls down in convulsions or fits.

11. Q.—What is insanity?

A.—It is when the brain becomes diseased until the mind is impaired or wholly lost, and the person becomes crazy or like a fool.

12. Q.—Do drunkards ever become crazy or foolish?

A.—Yes; strong drink, such as brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, and even wine often turn men into raving or murderous madmen more dangerous than wild beasts, while beer and ale sometimes change men into fools and idiots.

13. Q.—What is delirium tremens?

A.—It is one of the most awful diseases in the world. Drunkards call it the 'jim-jams.'

14. Q.—How does delirium tremens affect drunkards?

A.—A man suffering from this disease becomes perfectly wild and crazy for the time. He seems to see hideous snakes all around him or devils sent from hell to torment him, which so distract him with fright and rage that he is ready to kill himself, his wife or children, or anybody that comes in his way. It often takes two or three men to hold him on the bed.

15. Q.—Do many drunkards have this disease?

A.—Almost all drunkards, if they live long enough, sooner or later have this disease, which often proves fatal.

16. Q.—How many persons in the United States are made insane annually by the use of alcoholic drinks?

A.—Statistics prove that over nine thousand are made insane every year by the use of alcoholic drinks. 'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'—Proverbs, 23rd chapter, 32nd verse.

Bishop Wilberforce on Abstinence.

The Bishop of Chichester, at a public meeting at Bradford, held in connection with the half-yearly council of the C. E. T. S., after referring to the dual basis of the society, made this earnest appeal:—'But remember that when you have got to stand between the living and the dead, when you have got to pluck the brand out of the burning furnace, then it is the teetotaler that has got to do the work—and thank God, he does it, he and she together, every member. There are brothers and sisters who are working together in this cause, and we want more of you to be total abstainers—more for the work, more for your own sakes, more for the future that is coming; more, that there may be an ever increasing army of strong, earnest, enthusiastic teetotalers, who shall show by their own lives that alcohol is not a necessity either for the labor of the hands or of the head. I remember the time when I did not see the question as I do now, and if there is any shaky person amongst you tonight, on the question, I should like very much to have the chance of converting that person. I should say, do you want a little more money in your pockets? Then become an abstainer. Do you want to be strong? I suppose there is not one of us who would not like to possess real strength—then become a total abstainer. Do you want intellectual power always at command? Go and ask your doctor, and he will tell you that brain workers should not be users of alcohol. Remember all

these, and do, dear friends, join us in the total abstaining side; and don't be afraid that you will injure your health thereby: you need not be afraid of that!'

The Soap Did It.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse relates a good story of his conversion to teetotalism. In his pre-abstaining days one of his reasons for his taking wine was 'the good of his health.' It is wonderful (he says) how many things will do you good if you will only think so.

I once knew an old country woman who was troubled with a racking cough, and so she betook herself to a town chemist who recommended a box of somebody's bronchial troches.

On being supplied, the aged customer proceeded to count out the thirteenpence-halfpenny in coppers, and by the time she was done the proprietor was serving someone else at the other end of the store. Instead of the box of troches she carried off a box containing three tablets of scented toilet soap.

About three weeks later the aged lady returned to the shop, laid the box on the counter, and, to the druggist's amazement and amusement, apologetically said:—

'If ye please, sir, would ye tak' these two troshers back? Ye see, sir,' she continued, opening the box and disclosing only two tablets of soap, 'I've managed one of 'em, an' it was most ter'ble bad to get down, but it has mended mi' fluenza cough!'—'League Journal.'

The Claim For Compensation.

If you give a friend leave to shoot over your estate, after the leave has been renewed for a dozen years he will no doubt expect renewal as a matter of course. Perhaps he will buy a new gun and set up a kennel of dogs on the expectation of renewal. It will be very hard on him if you go to him one day and say that you yourself are going to do the shooting in future. His case will be hard, but you would consider your own case much harder, if he told you the very fact of your past favors having been given so readily, gave him a claim to continuance, that you had no right to resume your own shooting, and that you ought to pay for his outlay on gun and dogs, and also for the pleasure he had expected to enjoy on your land, and of which he considers you have defrauded him. When your friend began to talk of confiscation, I think you would feel the boot was on the other foot. This is precisely the position of the owner of a public-house, who demands a renewal of his license as a matter of right, and talks about confiscation if anyone ventures to question his right.—'Alliance News.'

How He Began.

A man was once sitting in a saloon (said the 'Irish World' a while ago).' He had an old battered hat on his head, short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes, and downtrodden shoes on. But he had not always been like that; he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then he said, with a sigh, 'Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave off now.'

No More Ale from the Queen.

It is interesting to learn that there is now no ale to be had at the Royal palaces for those odd persons who perform some slight service.

Formerly, it seems, whenever a man brought a load of goods to the palace he was given a glass of ale. Nowadays, no matter in what condition of thirst he may be, if he feels a hankering after a glass of beer he must get it 'round the corner,' and at his own cost, as ale at her Majesty's expense has been abolished.

Again, whenever the postillions took the Queen for a drive, they were rewarded with a glass of wine. This rule is also rescinded. —'Sunday Companion.'

Correspondence

Eamers Corners.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I like it so well. My mamma says it is the best paper published for little children. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm. We have eight cows and three horses. I have a kitten. I call her Tricksy. My brother has a dog. He calls him Topsy. I have a little canary. It sings all the time. I go to school every day. Our teacher is kind to us. I am in the fourth book. We don't live far from the river. We have nice times in the summer sailing. IDA H. M.

Eamers Corners, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years of age. I like to read the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I also enjoy reading the Correspondence which I see in the 'Messenger.' We live on a farm, and have a large number of cattle. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. I have eight brothers and two sisters. EDITH F. S.

Eamers Corners, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years of age. I have three brothers. My father is a farmer. I like to read the Correspondence, I see in one of the letters that they belong to the Juvenile Templers, and so do I. It is very hot in summer. I take music lessons and like them very much. I take them every Saturday. We have an organ. I go to school every day with a brother of mine. We take our dinners in the summer. We have a good time playing. DELLA J.

Liverton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sabbath. I have two kitties by the name of Midget and Snowdrop. I have a large wax doll that I keep in the parlor. Its name is Evelyn. I have one hen. I used to have a lame chicken, but it died not long ago. ELIZABETH (aged 12.)

File Hills, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I live on an Indian reserve, and go to school with Indian children. Our school teacher is Mr. Stewart. He is very kind to us. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have a pet dog. His name is Jack. GORDON (aged 10.)

Rockfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother and one sister. We both go to school. I like my teacher. I have two pets, a kitten and a calf. The kitten's name is Snow.
EDNA F. (aged 10.)

Fulton Brook, Queen's Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As we saw so many little girls' letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' we thought we would like to write one too. We are going to school, and like it very well. People get their living here by lumbering in winter, and farming in summer. We live near the Salmon River. It is very pleasant here in the spring, when the lumber is going down. There is no store any nearer us than nine miles. Last summer we made a flower garden here at the schoolhouse, and we planted trees, and sowed flower seeds. MYRTLE (aged 11.)
CLEMY (aged 13.)

Keady.

Dear Editor,—I am in the senior second book at school. My sister is in the senior third class, and we are getting along fine. My papa has a blacksmith's shop, and I have two brothers, one works in the shop with papa, and the other goes to school, and he is in the fourth book.
LENA MAY (aged 7.)

Lochwinnoch.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger,' and could not very well do without it. We have two teachers at school, and I am in Miss Taylor's room, in the fourth book. We have twenty-two cattle, and three horses, and have to tie the cattle every night after school. PETER.

Granton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and I am in the second book. I have a collie dog named Jack. I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' about a year ago.
CLIFFORD H. (aged 7.)

Pittsburg, Ind.

Dear Editor,—I have ten pets, two dogs, two goats, one sheep, one horse and three cats. I live ten miles off where the battle of Tippecanoe was fought. I have a kodak, a rifle, a shotgun and some other things. Please say that I would like to write to any one that wants me to.
JOHN H. A. ANDERSON.

Fairview, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and one brother, who is a big tease sometimes. I have one sister married, and one younger than myself, and one little nephew, who was down to-day. We have a little dog, that we can dress up in a suit we have for him, and he will just sit there and let us do anything at all. But, of course, we have to give him a biscuit afterwards, or he isn't satisfied. My brother had a little pig, which was the funniest little thing I ever saw. Its hair all stood straight up. But they killed the poor little thing, for it never grew an inch, and wasn't any use. GRACE.

Metropolitan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister is a baby. I am the eldest girl in the family. I tried to get subscribers for the 'Messenger,' but failed. We have taken the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' ever since I can remember. I am in the fourth class, and like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Irvine. I am fourteen years old. ANNA C. Y.

Chute au Blondeau, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often read the letters in the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and I thought that I would write you one. Chute au Blondeau, is so named because there is a chute about a mile above here, and in it there was a man drowned by the name of Blondeau. Also about a mile above here was where Daubac, and his sixteen comrades fought the Indians. Sometimes men working in the fields, will pick up a hatchet or stone axe, etc. HIRAM L.

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have got a club of eleven subscribers for the 'Messenger.' They are all my little school companions but one, and they are all new subscribers but myself and two others. I live on a farm, and we have three horses, and a lot of cattle and sheep. I have one brother named Everett, and one sister Gertrude. We all go to Sunday-school.
ELLIS B. R. (aged 10.)

King's County, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a small mountain. It is a nice place in summer; but the winters are long and dreary. I belong to the 'Sons of Temperance.' We have our meetings once a week, and have a very good time. I go to school nearly every day, and like it very much. We have a good teacher. A. F.

Rockfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one brother and one sister. My brother and I go to school every day. I like my teacher very well. Her name is Miss Hollingsworth. I have a pet dog, his name is Jack, and a cat, her name is Kate, and I have a pet cow, her name is Darkey. My brother has a pet pig, her name is May. MAUD S. (aged 12.)

Hant's Harbor, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—Never having seen a letter from this place, I thought I would write one to let you know that I like reading the 'Messenger,' especially the Correspondence page. Our teacher, Miss Taylor, left us. She was married here on December 21, and left the next day for her future home at Fogo. WILL. P. (aged 13.)

Longlaketon, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I like to read the Correspondence. I go to Sunday-school. I have one brother and three sisters. I have a horse whose name is Tom. I rode him in the fall for the cows, but they come home now.
ARCHIE B. (aged 8.)

Edgely, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl aged ten. I have four sisters. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Williams. I have a pet dog named Tiny, and a bird named Polly. ANNIE S.

HOUSEHOLD.

Five Cents' Worth of Travel.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box, which he calls his safe. One day, after earning five cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed: 'There goes five cents' worth of travel!'

'What do you mean?' asked the other boy. 'How can you travel on five cents?'

'Five cents will carry me a mile and a *half on the railway*. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly four hundred miles from them now, but every five cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much.'

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every five cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that five cents' worth of travel is better for the health of the boy than five cents' worth of sweets.—Edward Foster Temple, in 'Union Signal.'

How to Clean the Cellar.

The majority of houses can only be kept safely habitable by well directed and eternal vigilance. Commence the annual siege at the cellar. If it is not well drained and ventilated, make it so before expending a dollar for any but the actual necessities of life. If cleansing is all that is necessary, do it in the most thorough manner. Carry every movable box shelf or floor board out of doors, and after scrubbing them with hot water, to which soda or some other cleansing agent has been added, let them remain out of doors and in the sunshine until thoroughly purified and dry. Remove all vegetables or other edibles except those which are in airtight cans. Sweep every nook and dark closet, swinging shelves and other woodwork; then close the doors and windows and slowly burn a little sulphur in an old tin vessel. This fumigation is especially needed in a damp cellar, for fungus growth, always dangerous, is sure to form on the under side of vegetable bins, platforms and other places that one cannot reach with hot water and a scrubbing brush. Leave the cellar closed for an hour or two, then let all the air possible sweep through it for, well, for at least a full day and night. Flush the drain with boiling water and then disinfect with several pailfuls of hot water in which copperas has been dissolved. If a cellar is damp, large-mouthed open vessels of stone lime or charcoal will do much to absorb it. Both are also excellent purifiers. Every sink and drain in the house or adjoining grounds must not only have an extra thorough cleaning and disinfecting, but the pipes and traps should be tested to see if they are sound and in good working order.—New York 'Observer.'

The Kitchen Window.

Says a recent writer in 'Vick's Magazine:'

Unless you have tried it, you cannot realize what a delight and comfort a kitchen window full of thrifty geraniums is. Geraniums seem to love the steam and air in a kitchen, and grow better than any place else. Our window is a broad one with a wide sill, facing north. The stove is near it; I have twenty kinds upon the sill and the centre cross-piece of the window. In preparing them I slip all my varities the last of July, sticking the slips in a bed or any place convenient. About the first of September I pot them in four-inch pots, and let them go with ordinary garden soil. The less rich the soil, the smaller the pots and the less water you give the more bloom is produced.

When cold weather sets in the plants are full of buds and ready to bloom. In a winter's time they will grow to immense proportions in that north window and keep blooming all the while. If the window received the south sun they would bloom more and grow less.

Mothers' Cares.

Mother, with your brood at night,
  Safe within your tender care;
Every golden head in sight,
  Not a darling missing there.
Haply your are very tired,
  Sometimes heavy-hearted, too;
Just the things you most desired
  Were not yours this day to do.
Troubles seem to come in troops,
  Wearily your prayers are said;
'Neath your load your courage droops
  As you drag yourself to bed.

Mother, count these happy days,
  Fill them not with dole and fret;
Round them out with ceaseless praise,
  God's great love is on you set.
When the little lads are still
  Sheltered in your guardian care;
Yours to mould them as you will,
  Not a darling missing there.
When the lads are bearded men,
  When the little maids have grown
And the children leave you, then
  Making homes their very own;

When you cannot tell at night
  Where your best beloved are,
East and West and out of sight,
  O'er the wide world scattered far;
One a sailor on the wave,
  One a soldier in the strife,
One low lying in the grave,
  Worsted one in woes of life—

Mother, then your heart may ache;
  Happy days you're spending now,
When the little frocks you make,
  Part the ringlets on each brow,
Hear the little daily tasks,
  Soothe the passing childish grief
That of mother ever asks,
  Sure to find, the sweet relief.
Thank the dear Lord when you pray,
  For the crowding nursery brood
Are your own and his to-day!
  'Praise the Lord for he is good!'

—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

Selected Recipes.

Veal Cutlets, German Style.—Two pounds of veal cutlets; one egg, beaten light; two teaspoonfuls melted butter; pinch of pepper; salt to taste. Cut the veal cutlets into neat pieces, about the size of a silver dollar, pepper and salt lightly, dip each piece into the beaten egg and melted butter, and fry, ten minutes, in a little butter or good dripping. They should be a nice brown on each side. Put in a platter and pour tomato sauce over them.

Date Pudding.—One-half pound dates, one quarter pound of suet, five ounces of sugar, half pound of grated bread crumbs, a little nutmeg, a little salt; mix all the ingredients with two well beaten eggs, put into a pudding mould, and boil two and a half hours. Serve with sauce.

Snow Pudding.—One-half box gelatine, soaked in cup of water one hour; two lemons grated; three eggs, one and one-half cups sugar. Add sugar and lemons to gelatine then pour over one-half pint boiling water. When dissolved beat until all sparkles then add the whites of egg beaten stiff. Make a custard of yolks.

CUSTARD TAPIOCA.

One-half cup tapico, one-half cup water, one and one-half pints milk, two tablespoons shredded cocoanut, two tablespoons sugar, a little salt, two eggs, one tablespoon vanilla. Soak the tapioca over night or for several hours in the water; bring the milk to a boil, stir in the tapioca and boil until clear; add the cocoanut, the yolks of eggs beaten with the sugar, the flavoring, and lastly the beaten whites. Serve when cold with cream and jelly.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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